

PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



Engraved by W. Baily, from an Original Miniature.

MR. WHITFIELD.

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Dagut, del.

Printed for J. Bouson, at Barnard's Hall. 1794.

Granger, sc.



THE CONTRIVANCES.

A BALLAD OPERA,

(5)

WRITTEN BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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1794.

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SOME ACCOUNT

O F

MR. HENRY CAREY.

THIS gentleman, in the early part of his life, wrote and set to music several songs, which were well received by the public. But, notwithstanding his success in this particular instance, he by no means ranked high in general estimation, as a musician.

However expectation might be clouded over in the line of his profession, by the assistance of a fertile invention, Mr. C. struck into a new path, brightened with a promise of more solid advantage. In this pursuit he met with every thing favourable to his designs; and, as a writer for the stage,* he has had no reason to repent employing a pen at once marking and characteristic.

Independence, the wished-for end of all labour and study, and the crown of human felicity, notwithstanding the success of his dramatic labours, was as yet removed far from him. Embarrassed in his circumstances, poor Carey was but too frequently under the painful necessity of looking up to the benevolence of friends to support an existence, which, for many years preceding its untimely and mournful close, if looks could speak, and actions testify, appeared to have become a burthen born with disgust and impatience.

Wherever he took his seat in the circles of society, he always experienced that respect which was due to his superior abilities; and before his mind became bewildered and distressed from the cause just mentioned, Mr. Carey was not less valued for his wit and pleasantry, than for that gentle disposition which made every heart his own, and every man his well-wisher.

It was owing to the general esteem in which he was held, that he was enabled to support those expences which are sure to accompany good fellowship, and convivial meetings, followed up in quick succession, and which it is so difficult to abstain from, when once fairly entered into the lists—where the call is wit, humour, and hilarity; and where the ball is kept up with brilliancy and spirit, till the sun of a new day peeps in upon the jovial party, and bids its members depart to their chambers; to the broken slumbers of inebriation; succeeded by the grating re-

fection, the aching head, and the resolve, formed but to be broken.

The means he had been in the habit of applying to, to repair his broken fortunes, proved in the end inadequate to demands not more considerable than urgent: This preyed upon his spirits, and for a considerable time before death put an end to mortifications and neglects, daily repeated, he became absent, morose, and melancholy. For a while poor Carey continued in this unhappy state, more pitied perhaps than relieved by his former companions, who thought no more of professions made at the board of merriment and glee; where he had lavished away that which would have ministered to the wants of infirmity and age.

At length, when regrets were too late, and what they *would have done, could the consequence have been foreseen*, was uttered in vain: those, who well remembered his "flashes of wit, that were wont to set the table in a roar," had to strike the pensive bosom, and breathe out

"Alas! poor Yorick!"

At his abode in Warner-street, Cold-bath-fields, in the dreary month of October 1743, by means of a rope, this ill-fated gentleman

"Closed the sad life which he had long disdain'd."

Sir John Hawkins remarks, that, "as a poet," Mr. Carey was "the last of that class of which Durfey was the first, with this difference, that in all the songs and poems written by him on Wine, Love, and such kind of subjects, he seems to have mani-

fested an inviolable regard for decency and good manners." This excellent memorial, from authority so truly respectable, redounds to his honour as a *writer*, and the candid and humane, aware of human infirmities, will pity his errors as a *man*, and wish, with the author of this little account, that "the Recording Angel may drop a tear" over the last sad scene of his mortal existence!

THE CONTRIVANCES.

THIS little opera pleased the town in the year 1715, when it was first represented at Covent-garden Theatre, and notwithstanding the lapse of time, it still retains its attraction on the stage.

Were it, at this period, revived at that little temple of fashion and elegance, the Hay-market Theatre-royal, there is no doubt but, with the aid of such singers as Storace, Bland, and Dignum, and such an admirable personifier of old men as Parsons, or, in his absence, Suet, whose improvement in the line of his profession has in the course of a few seasons been so very rapid, the managers' coffers would be enriched by the trial, and the reputation of the harmonic part of his company (at least) considerably increased. To ensure this point, let Doctor Arnold throw in his aid, in a new air, for the hero, and another for the heroine, of the scene.

At a time, when we subscribe to the merits of this opera, as a subject for the stage, we cannot but give it a hearty welcome as a most pleasing companion for the parlour; where, however brilliant the spirit of the party assembled, that spirit will at times relax. When this happens, the pleasantries of literature are happily introduced, to dissipate dullness; and, when it is reassumed, to give fresh vigour to conversation.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Rovewell,	-	MR. INCLEDON
Argus,	-	MR. POWELL
Hearty,	-	MR. THOMPSON
Robin,	-	MR. MUNDEN.

Women.

Betty,	-	MISS LESERVE
Arethusa,	-	MRS. MARTYR.



THE CONTRIVANCES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rovewell's Lodgings.*

ROBIN *solus.*

Robin.

WELL, though pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues there's none like following a virtuous mistress—There's not one letter I carry, but I run the risk of kicking, caning, or pumping, nay, often hanging—Let me see; I have committed three burglaries to get one letter to her—Now, if my master should not get the gipsy at last, I have ventur'd my sweet person to a fair purpose—But, Basta! here comes my master and his friend Mr. Hearty—I must hasten and get our disguises.

B

And if Dame Fortune fails us now to win her,
Oh, all ye gods above! the devil's in her. [*Exit.*]

Enter ROVEWELL and HEARTY.

Hear. Why so melancholy, Captain? Come, come, a man of your gaiety and courage shou'd never take a disappointment so much to heart.

Rov. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

Hear. Were you less open and daring in your attempts, you might hope to succeed—The old gentleman, you know, is cautious to a degree; his daughter under a strict confinement: would you use more of the fox than the lion, Fortune, perhaps, might throw an opportunity in your way—But you must have patience.

Rov. Who can have patience when danger is so near? Read this letter, and then tell me what room there is for patience.

Hearty reads.

“ To-morrow will prevent all our vain struggles
“ to get to each other.—I am then to be marry'd
“ to my eternal aversion; you know the fop, 'tis
“ Cuckoo, who, having a large estate, is forc'd up-
“ on me; but my heart can be none but Rovewell's.
“ Immediately after the receipt of this, meet Betty
“ at the old place; there is yet one invention left;
“ if you pursue it closely, you may perhaps release
“ her who wou'd be your—

“ ARETHUSA.”

Rov. Yes, Arethusa, I will release thee, or die in the attempt. Dear friend, excuse my rudeness; you know thereason.

AIR.

I'll face ev'ry danger
 To rescue my dear,
 For fear is a stranger
 Where love is sincere,
 Repulses but fire us,
 Despair we despise,
 If beauty inspire us
 To pant for the prize. [Exit.

Hear. Well, go thy way, and get her; for thou deserv'st her, o' my conscience.—How have I been deceiv'd in this boy! I find him the very reverse of what his step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill-usage that forc'd my child away—His not having seen me since he was five years old, renders me a perfect stranger to him—Under that pretence I have got into his acquaintance, and find him all I wish—If this plot of his fails, I believe my money must buy him the girl at last. [Exit,

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Argus's house.*ARETHUSA *sola*,

AIR.

Are. See! the radiant queen of night
 Sheds on all her kindly beams;
 Gilds the plains with cheerful light,
 And sparkles in the silver streams.

Smiles adorn the face of Nature,
Tasteless all things yet appear,
Unto me a hopeless creature,
In the absence of my dear.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. Pray, daughter, what lingo is that same you chant and sputter out at this rate.

Are. English, Sir.

Arg. English, quotha! adod I took it to be nonsense.

Are. 'Tis a hymn to the moon.

Arg. A hymn to the moon! I'll have none of your hymns in my house—Give me the book, housewife.

Are. I hope, Sir, there is no crime in reading a harmless poem.

Arg. Give me the book, I say; poems, with a pox! what are they good for, but to blow up the fire of love, and make young wenches wanton?—But I have taken care of you, mistress! for to-morrow you shall have a husband to stay your stomach, and no less a person than 'Squire Cuckoo.

Are. You will not, surely, be so cruel as to marry me to a man I cannot love.

Arg. Why, what sort of a man wou'd you have Mrs. Minx?

AIR.

Are. Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

Brave, not romantic;
Learn'd, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;

This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,

Engaging and new.

Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical;

But ever true.

Arg. Why, is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? Adod he's a brisk young fellow, and a little feather-bed doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your head; and to put you out of his power, you shall be given over to the squire to-morrow.

Are. Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one day.

Arg. No, nor one hour—To-morrow morning, at eight of the clock precisely.—In the mean time, take notice the 'squire's sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and sociable with her, and let me have none of your pouts and glouts, as you tender my displeasure. [Exit.]

Are. To-morrow is short warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old gentleman.

Enter BETTY.

O Betty! welcome a thousand times! what news have you seen the Captain?

Betty Yes, Madam; and if you were to see him in his new rigging, you'd split your sides with laughing—Such a hoyden, such a piece of country-stuff, you never set your eyes on—But the petticoats are soon thrown off; and if good luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss Malkin, the 'squire's sister, into your own dear captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Bet. Instantly, Madam; he only stays to settle matters for our escape. He's in deep consultation with his privy-counsellor Robin, who is to attend him in the quality of a country put—They'll both be here in a moment; so let's in, and pack up the jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the saddle of liberty, and ride full speed to your desires.

Are. Dear Betty, let's make haste; I think every moment an age till I'm free from this bondage.

AIR.

When parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves,
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.

Bet. There they are—in, in.

[*A knocking without.*]

ARGUS from above.

Arg. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that rate—This is certainly some courtier come to borrow money, I know it by the saucy rapping of the footman——Who's at the door?

Rob. Tummos!

[Without doors.]

Arg. Tummos! who's Tummos? Who wou'd you speak with friend?

Rob. With young master's vather-in-law, that mun be, master Hardguts?

Arg. And what's your business with master Hardguts?

Rob. Why, young mistress is come out o' the country to see brother's wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso, the 'squire's sister; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

SCENE III. A Chamber.

ARGUS introducing ROVEWELL in woman's cloaths,
followed by ROBIN as a Clown.

Arg. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to town. (*Rovewell curtsys.*)—A very modest maiden, truly.—How long have you been in town?

Rob. Why an hour and a bit or so—we just put up horses at King's-Arms yonder, and staid a crum to zee poor things feed, for your London ostlers give little onough to poor beasts; an' you stond not by 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your back's turn'd, adod they'll cheat you afore your face.

Arg. Why how now, Clodpate? are you to speak before your mistress, and with your hat on, too? Is that your country breeding?

Rob. Why, an' 'tis on, 'tis on, an' 'tis off, 'tis off—what cares Tummos for your false-hearted London compliments? An' you'd have an answer from

young mistress, you mun look to Tummos; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one word but her prayers, and thos'n so softly that nobody can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better for that; silence is a heavenly virtue in a woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked place.—Have you seen your brother, pretty lady, since you came to town?—*(Rovewell curtseys)* O miraculous modesty! wou'd all women were thus! Can't you speak, Madam?

[Rovewell curtseys again.]

Rob. An' you get a word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long miles; but young mistress will prate fast enough, an' you set her among your women volk.

Arg. Say's thou so, honest fellow; I'll send her to those that have tongue enough, I'll warrant you. Here, Betty!

Enter BETTY.

Take this young lady to my daughter; 'tis 'squire Cuckoo's sister; and, d'ye hear, make much of her, I charge you.

Bet. Yes, Sir—Please to follow me, Madam.

Rob. Now, you rogue, for a lie an hour and a half long, to keep the old fellow in suspence. *(Aside to Robin.)* *[Exit with Betty.]*

Rob. Well, master! don't you think my mistress a dainty young woman?—She's wonderfully bemir'd in our country for her shapes.

Arg. Oh, she's a fine creature, indeed?—But where's the 'squire, honest friend?

Rob. Why, one cannot find a man out in this same Londonshire, there are so many taverns and chockling housen ; you may as well syek a needle in a hay fardel, as they say'n i' the country.—I was at 'squire's lodging yonder, and there was nobody but a prate apace whorson of a foot-boy, and he told me maister was at chockling-house, and all the while the vixon did nothing but taunt and laugh at me :—I'cod I could have found in my heart to have gi'n him a good whirrit in the chops. So I went to one chockling-house, and t'other chockling-house, till I was quite weary ; and I could see nothing but a many people supping hot supplings, and reading your gazing papers : we had much ado to find out your worship's house ; the vixon boys set us o'thick side, and that side, till we were almost quite lost ; an' it were not for an honest fellow that know'd your worship, and set us i'the right way.

Arg. 'Tis pity they should use strangers so ; but as to your young mistress, does she never speak ?

Rob. Adod, Sir, never to a mon ; why, she wo'not speak to her own father, she's so main bashful.

Arg. That's strange, indeed ! But how does my friend, Sir Roger ? he's well, I hope ?

Rob. Hearty still, Sir——He has drunk down six fox-hunters sin last Lammas !——He holds his old course still ; twenty pipes a-day, a cup of mum in the morning, a tankard of ale at noon, and three bottles of stingo at night. The same mon now he was thirty years ago ; and young squire Yedward is just come from varsity ; lawd, he's mainly grow'd

sin you saw him? he's a fine proper tall gentleman now; why he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Arg. Good now, good now! But would'st drink, honest friend:

Rob. I don't care an' I do, a bit or so; for, to say truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here, John!

Enter SERVANT.

Take this honest fellow down, and make him welcome. When your mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

Rob. Ah! pray take care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest fellow, and you did but know me. *[Exit Robin with Servant.]*

Arg. These country fellows are very blunt, but very honest. I would fain hear his mistress talk. He said she'd find her tongue when she was amongst those of her own sex.—I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young tits have to say to one another. *[Exit.]*

Enter ROVEWELL, ARETHUSA, and BETTY.

Rov. Dear Arethusa, delay not the time thus, your father will certainly come in and surprise us.

Bet. Let us make hay while the sun shines, Madam: I long to be out of this prison.

Are. So do I; but not on the Captain's conditions, to be his prisoner for life.

Rov. I shall run mad if you trifle thus: name your conditions; I sign my consent before-hand.

[Kisses her.]

Are. Indeed, Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

AIR.

Cease to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely ;
When you've betray'd,
You'll treat me most severely,
And fly what once you did pursue.
Happy the fair
Who ne'er believes you,
But gives despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns inconstancy from you.

Row. Unkind Arethusa ! I little expected this usage from you.

AIR.

When did you see
Any falsehood in me
That thus you unkindly suspect me ?
Speak, speak your mind ;
For I fear you're inclin'd,
In spite of my truth to reject me.
If it must be so,
To the wars I will go,
Where danger my passion shall smother ;
I'd rather perish there,
Than linger in despair,
Or see you in the arms of another.

Enter ARGUS behind.

Arg. So, so, this is as it should be ; they are as gracious as can be already—How the young tit smuggles her ! Adod, she kisses with a hearty good-will.

Are. I must confess, Captain, I am half inclin'd to believe you.

Arg. Captain ! how's this ! bless my eye-sight ! I know the villain now ; but I'll be even with him.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't trifle so ; the parson's at the very next door, you'll be tack'd together in an instant ; and then I'll trust you to come back to your cage again, if you can do it with a safe conscience.

Arg. Here's a treacherous jade ! but I'll do your business for you, Mrs. Jezebel.

Bet. Consider, Madam, what a life you lead here ; what a jealous, ill-natured, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old cuff of a father you have to deal with—What a glorious opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is to die a maid !

‘ AIR. ’

‘ Would you live a stale virgin for ever ?

‘ Sure you're out of your senses,

‘ Or these are pretences ;

‘ Can you part with a person so clever ?

‘ In troth you are highly to blame.

‘ And you, Mr. Lover, to trifle ;

‘ I thought that a soldier,

‘ Was wiser and bolder !

• A warrior should plunder and rifle;

• A Captain! Oh, fie for shame!

Arg. If that jade dies a maid, I'll die a martyr.

Bet. In short, Madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it every vein in your heart—The old hunk will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the devil for ever, Mrs. Impudence.

Are. Well, Captain, if you should deceive me.

Rov. If I do, may Heaven—

Are. Nay, no swearing, Captain, for fear you should prove like the rest of your sex.

Rov. How can you doubt me, Arethusa, when you know how much I love you?

Arg. A wheedling dog? But I'll spoil his sport anon.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam!—I have the jewels; but stay, I'll go first, and see if the coast be clear.

[*Argus meets her.*]

Arg. Where are you a-going, pretty maiden?

Bet. Only do—do—do—down stairs, Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there, child?

Bet. Nothing but pi—pi—pi—pins, Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the pins, and do you go to hell, Mrs. Minx. D'ye hear, out of my house this moment; these are chamber jades, forsooth—
O tempora! O mores! what an age is this? Get you in forsooth, I'll talk with you anon. (*Exit Arethusa.*)
So, Captain, are those your regimental cloaths? I'll

assure you they become you mightily. If you did but see yourself now, how much like a hero you look! *Ecce signum!* ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Blood and fury! stop your grinning, or I'll stretch your mouth with a vengeance.

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain Belswagger, if you're so passionate, 'tis high time to call aid and assistance: here, Richard, Thomas, John, help me to lay hold on this fellow; you have no sword now, Captain, no sword, d'ye mark me?

Enter SERVANTS and ROBIN.

Rob. But I have a pistol, Sir, at your service.

[Pulls out a pistol.]

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Rob. And I'll unload it in your breast, if you stir one step after me.

Arg. A bloody-minded dog! But lay hold on that rogue there, that country-cheat.

Rob. See here, gentlemen, are two little bull-dogs of the same breed, (*presenting two pistols.*) they are wonderful scourers of the brain;—so that if you offer to molest or follow me—you understand me, gentlemen; you understand me.

1 *Ser.* Yes, yes, we understand you, with a pox.

2 *Ser.* The devil go with 'em, I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good-bye to you, in the devil's name.—A terrible dog!—what a fright he has put me in!—I sha'n't be myself this month. And you, ye cowardly rascals, to stand by and see my life in danger; get out, ye slaves, out of my house, I say.

—I'll put an end to all this ; for I'll not have a servant in the house.—I'll carry all the keys in my pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering son of a whore is this ! But I'll prevent him ; for to-morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious gentleman can have no hopes left.—A Jezabel, to have a red-coat without any money ! —Had he but money, if he wanted sense, manners, or even manhood itself, it matter'd not a pin ;—but to want money is the devil ! Well, I'll secure her under lock and key till to-morrow ; and if her husband can't keep her from captain-hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh pair of horns ev'ry time she goes out upon the chace. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

ARETHUSA discover'd sitting melancholy on a couch.

AIR.

O leave me to complain
My loss of liberty ;
I never more shall see my swain,
Nor ever more be free.
O cruel, cruel Fate !
What joy can I receive,
When in the arms of one I hate,
I'm doom'd, alas ! to live !

Ye pitying pow'rs above,
That see my soul's dismay,
Or bring me back the man I love,
Or take my life away.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. So, Lady! you're welcome home!—See how the pretty turtle sits moaning the loss of her mate!—What, not a word, Thusy? not a word, child? Come, come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the captain, or the 'squire's sister: perhaps they may make it prattle a bit—Ah, ungracious girl! Is all my care come to this? Is this the gratitude you show your uncle's memory, to throw away what he had bustled so hard for at so mad a rate? Did he leave you 12,000*l.* think you, to make you no better than a soldier's trull? to follow a camp? to carry a knapsack? This is what you'd have, Mistress, is it not?

Are. This, and ten thousand times worse, were better with the man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful lady, indeed! I'll make you sing another song to-morrow; and till then, I'll leave you *in salva custodia*, to consider.—B'ye, Thusy!

Are. How barbarous is the covetousness and caution of ill-natur'd parents! They toil for estates with a view to make posterity happy; and then, by a mistaken prudence, they match us to our aversion. But I am resolved not to suffer tamely, however.—

They shall see, though my body's weak, my resolution's strong; and I may yet find spirit enough to plague them.

AIR.

Sooner than I'll my love forego,

And lose the man I prize,

I'll bravely combat ev'ry wo,

Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts nor bars shall me controul,

I death and danger dare;

Restraint but fires the active soul,

And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,

I'll either fall or fly;

Before I'll live with him I hate,

For him I love I'll die.

[*Adieu.*]

SCENE V. *The Street.*

* HEARTY and ROVEWELL meeting.

* *Rov.* So, my dear friend, here already?—

* This is very kind.

* *Hear.* Sure, Captain, this lady must have some extraordinary merit for whom you undertake such difficulties! What are her particular charms besides her money?

* *Rov.* I'll tell you, Sir.

‘ AIR. The words by another hand.

- ‘ Without affectation, gay, youthful, and pretty ;
- ‘ Without pride or meanness, familiar and witty ;
- ‘ Without forms, obliging, good-natur’d, and free ;
- ‘ Without art, as lovely as lovely can be.
- ‘ She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
- ‘ Regardless alike both of censure and praise ;
- ‘ Her thoughts, and her words, and her actions are such,
- ‘ That none can admire ’em, or praise her, too much.

‘ Hear. Well, success attend you—You know where to find me when there’s occasion. [Exit.

Enter ROVEWELL and BOY.

Boy. Sir, Sir! I want to speak with you.

Rov. Is your mistress lock’d up, say you?

Boy. Yes, Sir, and Betty’s turn’d away, and all the men-servants ; and there’s no living soul in the house but our old cook-maid, and I, and my master, and Mrs. Thusy ; and she cries, and cries her eyes out almost.

Rov. O the tormenting news! But if the garrison is so weak, the castle may be the sooner storm’d. How did you get out?

Boy. Through the kitchen-window, Sir.

Rov. Show me the window presently.

Boy. Alack-a-day, it won’t do, Sir! That plot won’t take!

Rev. Why, sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big, Sir.

Rev. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, Sir, you can't get your leg in; but I could put you in a way.

Rev. How, dear boy!

Boy. I can lend you the key of Mrs. Thusy's chamber——If you can contrive to get into the house——But you must be sure to let my mistress out.

Rev. How couldst thou get it? This is almost a miracle.

Boy. I pick'd it out of my master's coat-pocket this morning, Sir, as I was a-brushing him.

Rev. That's my boy! There's money for you: this child will come to good in time.

Boy. My master will miss me, Sir; I must go; but I wish you good luck.

AIR.

Arethusa at the window above.

A dialogue between her and Rovewell.

Rev. Make haste and away, my only dear;

Make haste, and away, away!

For all at the gate,

Your true lover does wait,

And I prithee make no delay.

Are. O how shall I steal away, my love?

O how shall I steal away?

My daddy is near,
And I dare not for fear;
Pray, come then another day.

Rev. O this is the only day, my life,
O this is the only day!

I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

Are. Then prithee make no delay, my dear;
Then prithee make no delay:
We'll serve him a trick;
For I'll slip in the nick,
And with my true love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid, befriend a loving pair,
O Cupid, befriend us, we pray!
May our stratagems take,
For thine own sweet sake;
And, Amen! let all true lovers say.

[Arethusa withdraws.]

Enter ROBIN as a lawyer, and soldiers.

Rob. So, my hearts of oaks, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes, an't please your honour.

Rev. You know your cue then——to your post.

[They retire to a corner of the stage; he knocks smartly at the door.]

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the house, that you can't hear?

[Argus, holding the door in his hand.]

Arg. Sir, you are very hasty, methinks—

Rob. Sir, my business requires haste.

Arg. Sir, you had better make haste about it, for I know no business you have here.

Rob. Sir, I am come to talk with you on an affair of consequence.

Arg. Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not, and consequently can have no affairs with you.

Rob. Sir, not know me!

Arg. Sir, 'tis enough for me to know myself.

Rob. A damn'd thwarting old dog this same. (*Aside.*) Sir, I live but just in the next street. [*To him.*

Arg. Sir! if you liv'd at Jamaica, 'tis the same thing to me.

Rob. (*Aside.*) I find coaxing won't do. I must change my note, or I shall never unkennel this old fox—(*To him.*) Well, Mr. Argus, there's no harm done, so take your leave of 3000*l.* You have enough of your own already. [*Going.*

Arg. How, 3000*l.*! I must inquire into this. (*Aside.*) Sir, a word with you.

Rob. Sir! I have nothing to say to you. I took you to be a prudent person, that knew the worth of money, and how to improve it; but I find I'm deceived.

Arg. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my rudeness; but, you know, a man cannot be too cautious.

Rob. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you; but I'd take such treatment from no man in England besides yourself.

Arg. Sir, I beg your pardon; but to the business.

Rob. Why thus it is: a spendthrift young fellow is galloping thro' a plentiful fortune: I have lent 2000*l.* upon it already; and if you'll advance an equivalent, we'll fore-close the whole estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

Arg. A very judicious man; I'm sorry I affronted him. (*Aside.*) But how is this to be done?

Rob. Very easily, Sir.—A word in your ear; a little more this way.

[*Draws him aside; the soldiers get between him and the door.*]

Arg. But the title, Sir, the title?

Rob. Do you doubt my veracity?

Arg. Not in the least, Sir; but one cannot be too sure.

Rob. That's very true, Sir; and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[*Robin trips up his heels; the soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him, while Rovewell carries Arethusa off; after which they leave him, he making a great noise.*]

Enter MOB.

All. What's the matter, what's the matter?

[*They ungag him, &c.*]

Arg. O neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd, and undone for ever.

1 Mob. Why, what's the matter, master?

Arg. There's a whole legion of thieves in my house; they gagg'd and blindfolded me, and offer'd

forty naked swords at my breast—I beg of you to assist me, or they'll strip the house in a minute.

2 *Mob.* Forty drawn swords, say you, Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more, I think, on my conscience.

2 *Mob.* Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd man, and have a large family, I wou'd not venture amongst such a parcel of blood-thirsty rogues for the world; but if you please, I'll run and call a constable.

All. Ay, ay, call a constable, call a constable.

Arg. I shan't have a penny left, if we stay for a constable—I am but one man; and, as old as I am, I'll lead the way, if you'll follow me. [*Exit.*

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, huzza!

1 *Mob.* Prithee, Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

4 *Mob.* I go in! what shou'd I go in for? I have lost nothing.

Wom. What, nobody to help the poor old gentleman? odds bobs! if I was a man, I'd follow him myself.

3 *Mob.* Why don't you, then? What occasionableness have I to be killed for him or you either?

Enter ROBIN as Constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence, in the King's name.

All. Ay, silence, silence.

Rob. What's the meaning of this riot? Who makes all this disturbance?

1 *Mob.* I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

3 *Mob.* An't please your worship, let me speak.

Rob. Ay, this man talks like a man of parts—What's the matter, friend?

3 *Mob.* An't please your noble worship's honour and glory, we are his Majesty's liege subjects, and were terrify'd out of our habitations and dwelling-places, by a cry from abroad; which your noble worship must understand was occasionable by the gentleman of this house, who was so unfortunate as to be killed by thieves, who are now in his house to the numberation of above forty, an't please your worship, all completely arm'd with powder and ball, back-swords, pistols, bayonets, and blunderbusses.

Rob. But what is to be done in this case?

3 *Mob.* Why, an please your worship, knowing your noble honour to be the King's Majesty's noble officer of the peace, we thought 'twas best your honour shou'd come and terrify these rogues away with your noble authority.

Rob. Well said, very well said, indeed!—Gentlemen, I am the King's officer, and I command you in the King's name to aid and assist me to call those rogues out of the house—Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's name, and submit yourselves to our royal authority.

2 *Mob.* This is the gentleman that was kill'd, an't please your worship.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. O neighbours, I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the world.

1 *Mob.* That's his money; 'tis a sad covetous dog.

Rob. Why, what's the matter? What have they done?

Arg. O, they have taken my child from me, my Thusy!

Rob. Good lack!

3 *Mob.* Marry come up, what valuation can she be?—But have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my house of every pennyworth, so they had left my child.

1 *Mob.* That's a lie, I believe; for he loves his money more than his soul, and wou'd sooner part with that than a groat.

Arg. This is the Captain's doings; but I'll have him hang'd.

Rob. But where are the thieves?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

2 *Mob.* What, are they gone? Then, come neighbours, let us go in, and kill every mother's child of 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you to commit no murder; follow me, and we'll apprehend them.

Arg. Go, villians, cowards, scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the thieves that mean to rob me of what is yet left. How brave you are, now all the danger's over? Oh, Sirrah, you dog! (*looking at Robin.*) you are that rogue, Robin, the Captain's man. Seize him, neighbours, seize him!

Rob. (*aside.*) I don't care what you do, for the job's over; I see my master a-coming.

Arg. Why don't you seize him, I say?

1 *Mob.* Not we, we have lost too much time about an old fool already.

2 *Mob.* Ay, the next time you're bound and gagg'd, you shall lie and be damn'd for me.

3 *Mob.* Ay, and me too; come along, neighbours, come along. [*Exeunt Mob.*]

Enter ROVEWEL, HEARTY, ARETHUSA, BETTY, and ROBIN.

Arg. Bless me! who have we got here? O Thusy! Thusy! I had rather never have seen thee again, than have found you in such company.

Are. Sir, I hope my husband's company is not criminal.

Arg. Your husband! who's your husband, housewife? that scoundrel? Captain—Out of my sight, thou ungracious wretch!—I'll go make my will this instant—and you, you villain, how dare you look me in the face after all this?—I'll have you hang'd, Sirrah; I will so.

Hear. O fie, brother Argus, moderate your passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe Ned Worthy, to vilify and affront his only child, and for no other crime than improving that friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear friend alive! I heard thou wert dead in the Indies—And is that thy son? and my godson too, if I am not mistaken.

Hear. The very same—the last and best remains of our family; forc'd by my wife's cruelty, and my absence, to the army. My wife is since dead, and the son she had by her former husband, whom she

intended to heir my estate; but fortune guided me by chance to my dear boy, who, after twenty year's absence, and changing my name, knew me not, till I just now discovered myself to him and your fair daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand pounds, which I brought from India, besides what real estate I may leave at my death.

Arg. And to match that, old boy, my daughter shall have every penny of mine, besides her uncle's legacy—Ah, you young rogue, had I known you, I would not have us'd you so roughly—However, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome—But you must excuse all faults—the old man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rov. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your pardon for the many disquiets we have given you; and with your pardon, we crave your blessing.

[They kneel.]

Arg. You have it, children, with all my heart. Adod, I am so transported, I don't know whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your joy be everlasting!

Rovewell and Arethusa, embracing.

DUETTO.

Thus fondly caressing,
My idol, my treasure,

How great is the blessing!
How sweet is the pleasure!
With joy I behold thee,
And doat on thy charms;
Thus while I unfold thee,
I've heaven in my arms.
